

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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TERMS—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday.

BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—One Dollar Fifty per year.
\$20.00 when left by the Carrier.

Office on Washington street, over Beckel's Market,
Grand Haven, Michigan.

ADVANCED RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square one week,	\$ 75
One square two weeks,	1 25
One square three weeks,	1 75
One square one month,	2 25
One square two months,	4 00
One square three months,	7 00
One square six months,	12 00
One square twelve months,	15 00

Business Cards, one line each, \$2 per year.
Advertising by the column at rates of special agreement.

One square is one inch of column or less.
Advertisements without special directions as to time will be inserted and charged for until ordered out.

Legal advertising at legal rates. When a postponement is added to an advertisement, the whole is charged as for the first insertion.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. J. Pfaff, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

George G. Lovell, County Treasurer,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Peter Van Den Berg, County Clerk
and Register of Deeds, Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

Robert W. Duncan, Circuit Court
Commissioner, Grand Haven, Mich.

William H. Parks, Prosecuting Attorney,
Grand Haven, Mich.

George Eastman, County Surveyor,
Eastmanville, Mich.

J. H. Sanford, Deputy County Surveyor,
Wright P. O., Ottawa Co., Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.
Office on Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Dwight Cutler, Dealer in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Stables, Lath, &c. Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision Merchant, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the Victor Mills, Talmadge, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Mill Feed, Stables, &c., &c. Lamont, Ottawa County, Michigan.

Augustus W. Taylor, Judge of Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third Mondays of each month. Office at the Court House, Grand Haven.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in Stores, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spikes, Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done in short notice. Corner of Washington and First sts., Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Brandy, Cigars, Caudins, Vestings, &c. Ship, Washington St. 2d door below the Drug Store.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Thrashing Machines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CONCENTRATED POTASH!

A Twenty-five cent per Can, which, with a half dozen pounds of grease, you can make fifteen gallons of Good Soap. Sold at GRIFFIN'S Drugstore.
Prof. 25, '63

Get a Sewing Machine!

Whoever intends to purchase a good Family Sewing Machine, of any kind, will do well to call at the News Office. We can furnish them at all times upon the most advantageous terms. Proprietors of the News.

MANHATTAN

Fire Insurance Company.

CASH CAPITAL, \$250,000.00
SURPLUS, 254,522

RISKS taken on the most reasonable terms. Losses promptly paid.
WM. H. PARKS, Agent.
Grand Haven, March 9, 1864.

TRUE LOVE.

Oh, bid me not from thee depart;
I will not; cannot leave thee now;
Did thy sweet smile not warm my heart,
The stream of life would cease to flow.

When danger circles that dear form,
Dost think that I could turn and flee?
No, not with the I'll brave thee storm,
And share its wildest rage with thee.

And e'en if death thy fate should be,
To share thy doom would be my pride;
Far sweeter thus to die with thee
Than live with all the world beside.

Demand for Abolitionists—Deeds, not Words.

There is hardly a city, ward, or school district in the North, which does not contain one or more able-bodied men, admirers of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, who frequently talk themselves hoarse in their professed ardor for more bloodshed, and for a "vigorous prosecution of the war;" men who have always labored in conjunction with those who precipitated this civil contest, but who evince no readiness to share in the business (aside from contracts) now that it has become dangerous; they profess great admiration for our brave soldiers, but scrupulously avoid imitating them in the field. They are "the last man and the last dollar" men; men who are as determined to be the last to endanger their valuable lives, as they are eager to appropriate to their own patriotic uses the last dollar of public money that comes within their reach. Lincoln wants more men, he wants them now. Regiments made up of those filled with the spirit claimed for themselves by these abolition exhorters, would do most efficient service at "the front." The day has long since passed when any good effect can be produced by their exhortations; their neighbors and townsmen are thoroughly imbued with the belief that they are ardent hypocrites, and nothing can so effectually banish this idea as to see them make their professions good by their action and example, in at once entering the ranks. These abolition stay-at-home worthies, in many cases, have sons between sixteen and eighteen years of age, who are capable of bearing arms, and "government" will readily accept them, their parents consenting. It will also accept men over forty-five, and we have plenty of them in community who are well established in life, and can much better leave their families than many younger men who have more of care and more to struggle with for those dependent upon them. The difference between preaching and practice is finely illustrated by abolitionized Massachusetts. At this moment she has her agents ransacking every accessible portion of the South, in search of negroes (the N. Y. Times calls them "dumb cattle") to fight the "battles of freedom," in place of sending her own citizens, whose patriotism is of the most aggressive and noisy sort; men who profess to believe it to be a sacred duty to exterminate negro slavery, at everybody's risk save their own, whose reasonings upon the present condition of things consist in styling as traitors and rebels all who do not unquestioningly entertain the same opinions with themselves. So far as resolving, professing, denouncing and blustering are concerned, these champions of liberty are indeed mighty and have performed all the duties that patriotism demands. There is a prejudice, a vulgar prejudice, perhaps, in favor of men who make good their words by deeds, and to minds darkened by such prejudice there seems a marked and shameful inconsistency between Michigan or Massachusetts abolitionism, and the swagger of those Abolitionists whose vicious courage puts the negro or the recently imported foreigner to the battle's front, while they snuff the danger far off. The call for more men is imperative, the war is "a holy war," and waged against negro slavery; and war for such an object is as just and holy as it would be were Lincoln to send Grant to Turkey, because "the interests of God and Humanity" demanded the extermination of Mohammedanism. Abolitionists are fully convinced that everybody else should go to the war, or, in the language of Captain Ward's daily, that every loyal man should at once transform himself into a recruiting agent. If the men of strong convictions and patriotic zeal stay at home, and the ranks of Lincoln's army are left to be filled with foreigners, hirelings, mercenaries, substitutes and negroes, are we not creating an element of weakness on our side which may justly cause alarm and doubt as to the successful result of the contest? Will not such additions to our army be pro-

ductive of more harm than good? We could select five hundred abolitionists from Detroit, many of them prematurely old, but remarkably well preserved, indicating vigorous physical health and powers of endurance, who would be at once accepted as volunteers in this hour of Lincoln's trial, and if their courage is in any way proportionate to their noisy zeal for vigorous prosecution of what Thurlow Weed styles this "abolition war," they would be worth five thousand such beings as they are trying to get to represent them in the army. Come, gentlemen, you have said enough about the duty of your neighbors. No more of your preaching is needed. Make your words good by your deeds, and at once report yourselves to the nearest recruiting station, for a musket and a suit of shoddy; arrange your temporal and spiritual affairs, and try a season of glory and hard tack, with a fair prospect for cork legs, under Grant. It will do you good, perhaps; it will certainly relieve your neighborhood of your hypocritical pratings, and you will always have a consolation which such service can give. We call upon all loyal abolitionists, not as Captain Ward's daily does, to transform themselves into recruiting agents, but to transform themselves at once into recruits. Lincoln says he wants you, and now is your time to do him valiant service. There is no longer need of abolition words, we want deeds.—*Detroit Free Press*, 31st ult.

MESSRS. Clay and Holcomb, in their reply to Mr. Greeley's letter inclosing the President's peace manifesto, speaks of "thrice repeated, and as often repudiated, attempts to open negotiations." The embassy of Alexander H. Stephens was one attempt; the propositions submitted in February, 1863, just before the battle of Fredericksburg, another, and the third is the one just ended.

The semi-official statement of the administration of the 21st instant says:

"The administration have never had before them for consideration any proposition from the rebel authorities relative to pacification; nor is it known that any such has been received."

They have never had before them any propositions "relative to pacification," because they refused to receive them. The statement here made is an attempt to deceive the nation by equivocation and subterfuge. The administration knew that the Confederates wished to present proposals for peace, knew that they attempted to present them, and were acquainted with their nature, but refused to receive them. Fernando Wood offered to test the genuineness of the propositions made through him under restrictions which would have effectually insured against injury to the public interest, but he was not permitted to do so. Our people have been uselessly slaughtered, and the nation loaded with debt, because the authorities at Washington would not receive and consider terms of settlement. They now attempt to evade responsibility by such pettifoggery equivocation as the statements by Clay and Holcomb expose.

VACCINATION BY MONKEYS.—A recent English work on animal history, contains the following:

"The small-pox having spread fearfully among the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinckard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury Street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for introduction was singularly ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot, and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet, guarded, that it might not cut too deep, by a projecting piece of steel. The Doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor."

A NEW KIND OF FENCING.—A farmer carried home to day a barrel of tar with which he proposed to make a fence around his corn field. The animals that he expects to turn with such a fence are the chinch bugs. Tar seems to tangle their legs the best of anything that has been tried yet.—*Jonesville Gazette*.

THE *Tribune's* New Orleans letter, 21st, says: "It is stated that Banks has been removed, and that Gen. Granger or Dana will succeed him."

The truly great are humble, as boughs that are best laden bend lowest.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

A LITTLE daughter of Mr. Maxwell, of Cape Elizabeth, Mass., was guillotined by the window falling on her neck, and nearly severing her head from her shoulders.

THE Indiana *Danner* relates the case of a mother in the neighborhood of Terre Haute, who, while her son was asleep on a sofa, put out his eyes with a burning coal, in order that he might be exempted from the conscription.

GALLIENARI SAYS: "Many persons inquire what is the meaning of the word Kearsarge, the name of the vessel that sunk the Alabama. Kearsarge is the name of a river in the southern part of North America, falling into the Bay of Vera Cruz."

WHILE you maintain your conscience, remember that there is incumbent on you the duty of respecting the liberty of another man's conscience. But we are much more apt to stick to our conscience than to respect the liberty of the consciences of other men.

It is not prayer from the lip, but from the heart, to which God listens. Mere words, in which the heart and soul have no part, may be likened to the ashes of some mighty creature, from which the vital principle—that which gave it power, strength, efficiency—has fled.

SALE OF HORSES.—We are informed that Mr. Alexander sold two of his fine stallions a few days ago at a high figure—one for \$17,000, the other for \$7,500. In spite of the war and its influences, Kentucky fine bloods are eagerly sought after, and command almost fabulous prices.—*Louisville Journal*.

God who might have made all men wealthy, has made most men poor, that the poor man might have Christ for an example of patience, and the rich for an example of goodness. Cruelty is one of the highest scandals to piety. God looks, not so much on the merits of the beggar, as upon the mercy of the giver.

To pray against temptations, and yet to rush into occasions is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray that they might not be burnt. The fable saith that the butterfly enquired of the owl how she should do with the candle which had singed her wings. The owl counselled her not so much as to behold its smoke.

If I were to have no other proof of the soul's immortality than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the good in this world, that alone would prevent my doubting it. So manifest a contradiction, so shocking a discord in the universal harmony, would make me seek to explain it. I should say to myself: All is not ended with us for this life; at death everything returns in to order.—*Rousseau*.

JACOB MILLER, of Brunswick, Renaissance Co., New York, was recently drowned under peculiar circumstances. While at a spring on his farm, in company with an idiot son, adjusting the door covering over it, he fell forward into the water, which was about three feet in depth. The idiot sprang forward and closed the door upon him preventing him from extricating himself.

HAIRLESS HORSE.—The *Correspondencia* of Madrid describes a curious horse, which is now being exhibited in the Prince Alphonse Circus at Madrid. It has not a single hair on the whole body, while its skin, which is white as that of an European, is so transparent that the veins may be distinguished through it. The horse cannot be used for labor in consequence of his fineness of skin, which would be exposed to abrasion.

A CARPENTER, who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building, upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost footing, and as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, on the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes, and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself: "I knowed it; there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"

Blackberries.

WASHINGTON, July 25, 1864.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Will you please, without delay, give place in your columns to a few earnest, heartfelt words, addressed to the good people of your State who are at work or are willing to work in behalf of the soldier? They all want to know how they can use what they have got to spare, in such a way as to save thereby the greatest number of lives. Just now it is easy to tell them how.

Men in the army are, during all seasons, from various causes, peculiarly liable to diarrhea, which it allowed to continue becomes chronic, and this in its last stage is death, slow but sure. After prolonged and intense suffering the victim dies. In all of the earlier stages of this terrible disease, however, it may be checked, the patient cured, by the simple use of the blackberry, in some form.—This life-saving berry grows abundantly in our land, thank God; and is now still growing, still ripening for use; so that for a little while yet this rich, precious fruit may be found on the bush and in the market, and may be had from \$2 to \$3 per bushel in most parts of the country. Will not those who have them growing preserve so many as they can for the soldier? Who that has money, any money to spare, will refuse or neglect to buy some of them, and either themselves preserve them, or send them to the Aid Society ladies, who will receive them as a sacred trust, and prepare them for sending to the sick soldier who needs them. Buy one bushel, or five, or ten, or more if you are able. If you are not able to get as many as you would like, buy all you can; for surely a few lives saved are better than none. But try to get a bushel, or at least a peck, remembering that you are securing that which is life to the soldier; remembering the peculiar medicinal virtue of the blackberry—how it seems invariably to cure, while medicines often fail. The hospital surgeons regard the blackberry juice, in any way preserved, as of inestimable value. It seems possessed of a quality not found in any other fruit, leaf or root, or seed or mineral ever used. It seems the chosen messenger of God, to call the slowly-wasting victims of chronic diarrhea, from approaching death, back to vigorous life; to call the soldier-hero from the yawning grave to take his place in the ranks once more, to do valiant service there, to strike heavy blows for his country and for all that makes life dear to us. Brave, noble fellow, willing as he is to do all this, shall he not have this precious medicinal fruit and life? He wants the juice without the seed. Therefore do not dry or can them, but send along all that you may have already dried or canned. The convalescent may be strengthened by them.

Not knowing how precious the juice of these berries is to the soldier sick with this disease, the good people of the land have themselves consumed hundreds and thousands of bushels, which ought to have been made into syrup, jelly, wine, brandy, or cordial, to be carried by loving hearts and faithful hands to the thousands of sick men wasting away in hospital. Let no more be eaten by those who would save many a sick and sinking hero's life than gratify their own selfish appetite. Let no more be left in the markets to be consumed by the well and hearty.

Oh! my friends could you but see the skeleton forms that are at all times to be found in the hospital wards of Washington and elsewhere, and remember that the juice of the blackberry would doubtless have saved them, could it had been given to them in time, you would resolve to secure as many as possible to be preserved and to be held sacred to the service of restoring to life and health the sick and suffering soldier.

In this city the Sanitary Commission is trying to buy up all the blackberries it can get, and good women are making them into cordial, brandy, wine or syrup, to be used only in cases of diarrhea.—This the Commission is doing here, tho' often obliged to pay for the berries in Washington and vicinity as high as \$4 or \$5 per bushel. The Commission in New-York and Aid Societies throughout the State might accomplish very much more at very much less expense. You have doubtless already done much; will you not do as much more as you can while the blackberry season lasts? Will not all men and women in this State, who love the soldier and the cause he serves, do what they can in aid of the Aid So-